MUFFLE MUTE & DIM

Off my air;

hissing,

clicks,

and pops.

Learn to gasp in mute,
exhale and turn away.

This is not the time or place for panting.

Tense nylon will suck in the wrongness.

A measured breath,
a steady stream *of speech*
of thought
of attention.

Sharpen your ears,
however way this would work.

Muffle, mute, and dim.

[cue jingle]

Hello, dear listener.

This is me on this side of the transmission.

I am here. I hope you hear me well.

[cue CRIME by REAL ESTATE]

Today's news:

Got out of bed.
Carried on until so far.

The main headline is that none of us is doing so well.
Aloneness is a joke on its own.

The novelty of thinking of every step as a step forward
leaves perceiving the madness, badness, and freakness on hold.

A better present to predict,
a change of mind to refrain from telling gossip, telling lies.

Dysfunction is the zeitgeist,
the ghost of our time.
The awayness,
the closelessness,
the lonerism.

In general, people are a mystery:
looking for a way of gazing that allows one to read
and be read in a non-harmful way,
without diminishing and bullying,
yet un-touching, out of touch.

Looking for forms of credibility, respectfulness,
numerous approvalness,
without co-operation
and talk.

Just solid solo action, projects only lead alone.

How to run a community without the community itself?

Is this wish of awkwardness or of vanity?
Yet to have scientific proof.

Today's traffic:
Social momentum runs at low pace,
un-gridlocked and sparse.

A jammed road to every destination one really needs to reach.
The easy ways out are free.

[cue EASY WAY OUT by LAURA GROVES]

The weather today predicts
a low chance of interaction
with bouts of dense mood-o-sphere,
mixed with gloom, fog and low UV levels.
Much like slowly wasting away,
its weathering,
but not the weather.

I look at the twilight as it is overpouring the removal
of the light.

Mood drops
and feelings become ugly,
gnarly,
unbearable and unbearing.

An idle moment
in the abyss of night
I get a bad thought
and then I fade.

I fade into a form of dim contrasts
and gaze upon my own self as a sack of wet hay,
shrouded by numb cumulus.

(can you kick an empty sack, I wonder? I always wondered, my head of hay?)

What are we about luck and who are we to blame?
My zodiac sign didn't grant me success, however yours will work.

Aries
Are you sure you've so far known what bravery is? Is it the selfishness one blames on their solo actions or is it the impatience to connect, only to be let down? The end of this cycle will bring explanations, but not necessarily with solutions.

Taurus
Endurance and persistence take turns in stubbornness, it takes extra stamina and refusal to carry on with things alone. Remember to take a step back to analyse your possessiveness over wishful thinking, a slip-up you might be prone to until the end of this month.

Gemini
Intelligence is a way of learning to be deceptive, but with your skills of communication in overdrive, it's hard to think and let think. Is there smartness in the excess of muteness? This is, perhaps, the dreadfully routinous question to ask these days.

Cancer
Support is an act of not letting go, but clinginess is an attachable, an accessory. While the sun blazes into the current order of the stars, you are often left with the question of what if your hands fling free with nothing to grasp to.

Leo

Warmness becomes hot, too hot to touch, but not to view. A step too far in closeness is choking, so take care to step away and give space. An unfulfilled Leo is no good news, so feel free to satisfy your looks and showcase your vanity, but at a distance.

Virgo

Excessive attention to modesty is not what modesty is. However, with a thought like that emerging from Virgo's mind, self-doubt and overly critical remarks about the self come easily. For a hard-working sign, it is also fine to put work into one's pride.

Libra

While seemingly balanced, harmony is not having two options at once: one of those is always wrong, one of those is always the fault of the disrupted balance. Prone to self-pity in this season, one should embrace the indecisiveness and perhaps choose the third option.

Scorpio

If jealousy becomes an emotion, obsessiveness determination and destruction a sacrifice, it is time to cut down on violent actions and lay low until the sun enters the next sign. However passive it may seem, there might be benefits to keeping away.

Saggitarius

Let-go ambitions will return after waiting, but patience runs restless. Luck shall come in tactless actions, a behaviour the archer knows far too well. Perhaps this year's freedom should come from keeping to oneself.

Capricorn

The strategy for ruthlessness is rigidness, pessimism and greed. Now, not everything needs a strategy and forced-upon leadership, especially on vessels steered solely for one's own good. Not every step will be a step forward, which a true Capricorn will not acknowledge, of course.

Aquarius

Originality is often-enough the ultimate goal, however, this logic might not be so watertight if the idea comes from not recognizing the other options. This month, the notion of plurality is what there is to wrap one's head around.

Pisces

The sun shines right into the constellation of things where the past comes back to haunt and shape the present moment. For a solitary sign, this is a good time to draw back furthermore to make peace with the cruelty one has once been exposed to.

Now, quit blaming the moon on yourself. You're alone enough not to be lead by foreign action, not to be lured into learned helplessness blues.

[cue LEARNED HELPLESSNESS BLUES by MAN REI]

What is this need of explaining one's faults to each other?
Why work towards working together
and how to constellate at all?

Will community grow around a wish or wishful effort?
Or will I dissolve and become a multitude of me?
Half maker, half perceiver,
a self to cut all profits.
Self-seeding; self-weeding
all I know is the self,
-what for?

For-four-hand piece played by one person:
a spectacle
a miracle
the way those things are,
just;
unjust;

just that
I have been thinking
if I might have jinxed it all
asking for space?

Am I no longer entitled to change proximities?
I would like to be closer.

It is not that I mind
solitude.

I have my audience
somewhere
scattered
across
timeframes.

It is not that I mind sharing.
The shared halves itself
by itself.
The shared expands on its own,
it's independent.
I am independent,
I can not need aid.

My mouth moves itself by itself to speak.

My inhale eats itself as I slur my words
and hope for understanding,
it aggregates itself into thin dust
thick air
my breath.

The failures of a well-tempered flow of talk
cater punctuation for nonsense.

Vagueness makes more vagueness,

first muffling the commas and spacings,
then words and sentences.

Dimming the light might help
to remove all other senses
in order to listen attentively to this muted babble.

[cue guitar plucking]

I will speak low, so all you can soon hear is what there is
to be discarded.

Hissing,
clicks,
and pops.

Like the good old days, when no-one would put their mind into
paying attention, only complaining about the lacks.

A way to shift the faults and the perceivance of one's
shortcomings.

Yet, voicelessness is speaking at high volumes
and still not being heard.

It is choking on phrases,
desperate for amplification.

There is a reason to why I am speaking into a microphone
right here.
There is a reason to all the softness,
the non-reflecting rugs and shrouds.

I will not let a word escape ever again,
to fly into the space with no receiver,
bouncing back and echoing until it dissolves.

Wasting away on dumb repeated actions.

I could be looking for direct contact,
I could be "*Romeo-Mike-November five-two-two,*
nice to meet you,
your signal seems strong!"
but I'm a bit too greedy to reach out one at a time.
I lack the qualifications. I lack the hardware.
I have too much nonsense to transmit:

desperate,
and

wasting away on dumb repeated actions.

I've spent my time predicting future,
I've spent my time preventing backlash,
I've spent my time freaking out over hermitude.

I've been having sugar before sleep
to avoid running breathless while unconscious.
Needless to say, I'm canceling out dreams,
and am very aware of every awful emotion.

How does one keep cool in the middle of abyss?
What is the temperature of void, anyway?
Hot hands holding on to an icy ledge and vice versa,
temperature-wise–
the ledge doesn't grasp back.

What **does** a hand grasp when reaching out?

Perhaps the dreams I aim to dream
       are just a bit too high and out of reach.
I won't get my hopes up,
at this age the spine won't grow.
One is not becoming any taller,
to climb without scaffolding and support.
Building a solid structure takes more than two hands
and extra I have none.

The horrible daydreams
are forced upon delusions of oneself;
steps un-stepped, only
throwing cues into the endless pool of thought.

What does a hand grasp when reaching out?

If effort's all it takes,
perhaps I need some rest–
       The exhaustiveness of
                not trying too hard to be heard?

Am I saying things just to feel   a little less lost,
                                   a little less purposeless;
am I tuning in only to finetune this apparatus
                                   of assembled ears?

Are you even listening or do you just have your hearing on?

Crowd-pleasing

       is an endless effort

                to make *[cut]*

Disruption always arrives on the smoothest flows of
contentedness;
disruption always arrives on time.
All you loathe looms on the peak moment,
the point you hardly need.

Cutting a thick haze with a knife will not make much
indifference,
compressed into porous airy moulds,
        make something out of warm breath,
        make something out of unwellness;

you kind of have it all,
        this bit of nothing,
        a sackful of ghosts
                to drag you along.

Follow things as if they were haunting you;
        reassure yourself
and keep repeating how good this feels,
                this self,
                the one you're living with.

You can't remember your own face as you were staring at the
ceiling,
but maybe thoughts ebb and dispel in a different way in
horizontal posture.

                Is this why we can't stop thinking
                                about the horizon?

What is it that lies behind the perimeters of transmission?
Is it still vacuity when already speaking into abyss?
The sound that shadows make as they glide over your throat-
ache from speaking too little.

Amplify it all, just in case.

Muffle, mute, and dim.

[cue FEELS by BLACK MARBLE]